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MOTHER'S

HYMN BOOK.

THIRD STEREOTYPED EDITION.

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

BY

THOMAS HASTINGS.

NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH,
683 BROADWAY.

1859

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P R E F A C E .

THIS third stereotyped edition of the Mother's Hymn Book has undergone a careful revision, and been considerably enlarged, with a view to its more general circulation. Some of the less important hymns of former editions have now given place to more interesting ones, which will increase the utility of the work. The Mother's Hymn Book fills a place in hymnology which, so far as we know, has not been occupied by any other publication. That it may contribute more and more to the comfort of parents, and the benefit of children, is the ardent wish of the Author and

COMPILER.

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THE
MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

Family Devotion.

1 MORNING—GRATITUDE. L. M.
Gratitude—Ward.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be:
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet may this day tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;

Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

2

MORNING—SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

S. M.

Watchman—State Street.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light!
- 3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing day,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

3

MORNING HYMN.
Gratitude—Uxbridge.

L. M.

ASKING FOR SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

- 1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven
- 3 If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :
The secret this of rest below.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

4

MORNING—GRATITUDE.

Pleyel's Hymn—German Air.

7's.

- 1 THOU, O Lord, didst hear my cry,
Thy protecting hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou didst shed
On my weary, drooping head.
- 2 Come thou, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn
Let thy cheering light return.

5

MORNING—PRESERVATION.

Shirland—State Street.

S. M.

- 1 SERENE I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenseless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?
- 3 Oh! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

6 EVENING—CONFESSION AND PRAISE. 7's 6 li.
Halle—Sidmouth.

- 1 Now from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee;
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.
- 3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

7 EVENING—GRATITUDE AND CONFESSION. C. M.
Ortonville—Barby.

- 1 PERPETUAL blessings from above
Encompassed me around;
But oh! how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found.

- 2 What have I done for him who died,
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll !
- 3 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 4 Sprinkled afresh by pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest ;
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

8

EVENING OR MORNING—PRAISE.

L. M.

Seasons—Gratitude.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

9

FOURTH PSALM—EVENING.
Dundee—Peterborough.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine :
I fear before thee all the day
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts composed to
peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

10

EVENING HYMN.
Pleyel's Hymn—Eshtamoa.

7's.

- 1 THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.
- 2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free ;

Love no injury can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill,
Cheerful as the morning light
May we wake to do thy will.

11 SATURDAY EVENING THOUGHTS. C. M.
Dunkirk—Boynton.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet will be the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Shall shed new rays of light.

3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will
cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

12

SATURDAY EVENING.

S. M.

State Street—Dennis.

- 1 THE hours of evening close ;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep ;
And, safe from violence and fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

13

A BRIGHT SABBATH MORNING. 7s&6s. Pec.
Missionary Hymn.

- 1 THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow ;
It is the Sabbath morning—
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

- 2 The landscape lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day :
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.
- 3 Oh, see those waters, streaming
In crystal purity ;
While earth with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye !
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
'Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

14

SABBATH MORNING.
Fountain—Armenia.

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN, the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh ! what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom !
Oh ! what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;

Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

- 4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings, from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

15

THE SABBATH.

L. M.

Sabbath—Beneficence.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.
- 2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly; but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.
- 3 Yet sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho' the calm they yield,
Transporting tho' their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed;
- 4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Saviour, thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my
pains.

5 O! Jesus, let me ever hail
Thy presence with the day of rest;
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

16 SABBATH EVENING IN SUMMER. L. M.
Mendon—Beneficence.

- 1 Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside,
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer's tide.
- 2 Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief, no fear,
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.
- 3 If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly, sure, as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.
- 4 Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign!
And soon the morn's returning light
Will call us to the world again.
- 5 Yet will there dawn, at last, a day—
A sun that never sets, shall rise:
Night will not veil his glorious ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies.

17

SABBATH EVENING.

L. M.

Ward—"Sweet is the Light."

- 1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there ;
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 2 The time how lovely and how still ;
Peace shines and smiles on all below—
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill—
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 3 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to
love—
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.
- 4 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
And we shall join the ceaseless song—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

18

SECRET DEVOTION.

C. M.

Fountain—Brattle Street.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;

And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,—
Sweet source of light divine,—
And—all harmonious names in one—
Blest Saviour!—thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
And praise, an endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

19 SECRET PRAYER AT TWILIGHT. C. M.
Monson—Byefield.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God is near.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour ;
And lead to endless day.

20

CHILDREN'S EVENING HYMN.
Ortonville—Fountain.

C. M.

- 1 Now condescend, Almighty King !
To bless this little throng ;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
- 2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move ;
O smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.
- 3 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days ;
For this our feeble voices join,
To God we give the praise.

4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free ;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad ;
Then shall our grateful morning lays
Declare the love of God.

21 EVENING INFANT CHORUS. 8s & 7s.
Dismission.

1 LET us sound the infant chorus
To our Father in the skies,
Who so kindly watches o'er us,
And our every want supplies.

2 By his care we nightly slumber,
Waking with the morning ray ;
While his mercies, without number,
Still descend from day to day.

3 All our infant, smiling pleasures,
All our raiment and our food ;
All our precious little treasures,
Teach us that the Lord is good.

4 Thanks to God, who still supplies us
With kind friends and parents dear ;
Thanks to God, who ne'er denies us
Aught we need for comfort here.

- 5 To our Father high in heaven,
To the well-beloved Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given—
Glory to our God alone.

22

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

S. M.

Abode—St. Thomas.

- 1 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to Faith's illumined eye
Thy golden gates appear !
- 2 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,—
Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 4 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Seasons of Peril.

23 "SUFFICIENT TO THE DAY." 8s & 7s. dbl.
Aberdeen—Love Divine.

- 1 WHY to-day cast down in sorrow;
 Burdened with prospective grief,
Lest the trials of to-morrow
 Should not find a full relief?
Chide each dark anticipation;
 Present ills may now suffice;
These beheld with resignation,
 Prove but mercies in disguise.
- 2 Joys and sorrows, ever fleeting,
 Like the visions of a day,
Oft their visits are repeating
 As the years of life decay:
Fix thy hopes on things eternal,
 Far above terrestrial care,
Scenes of bliss for ever vernal,
 Soon will greet thy entrance there.

24 WHISPERS FROM HEAVEN. L. M.
Retreat—Zephyr.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my soul may flee,
 O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."
- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, enjoy, and see;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."
- 4 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting place for thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, Come to Me."
- 5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

25

SUBMISSION IN TRIALS.
Boynton—Balerma.

C. M.

- 1 THE hour of deep solicitude,
 O Lord, is drawing nigh,
 When sorrows, like a raging flood,
 Shall lift their waves on high.
- 2 O then to feel thy powerful aid,
 To rest upon thine arm,
 To have my strength on Jesus stayed,
 'Mid danger and alarm!

- 3 When sudden anguish weighs me down,
And I draw near to death,
Let me not feel a Saviour's frown
In every lab'ring breath ;
- 4 But let me hear that gentle voice
Which bids the waves " be still ;"
Which makes the trembling heart rejoice,
Anchor'd within the veil.
- 5 Myself to thee I now resign ;
Lord, let thy will be done ;
Body and spirit still are thine,
And thou art God alone.

26

A PROMISE.

8s.

Confidence—Ludlow.

- 1 How sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near ;
The soul that can trust thee is blest,
Thy smiles bring deliv'rance from fear.
- 2 The Lord has in kindness declar'd
That those who will trust in his name,
Shall in the sharp conflict be spar'd,
His mercy and love to proclaim.
- 3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies ;
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

- 4 O Saviour, the promise fulfill,
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will—
To the cup of affliction resigned.

27

LOOKING TO JESUS.

6s & 4s.

New Haven—Olivet.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower;
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw;
This trying hour.
- 2 Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.
- 3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear:
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

- 4 Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer :
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

28

NIGHT WATCHING.

S. M.

Stillington—State Street.

- 1 IN wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 2 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 3 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

29

SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

L. M.

Gratitude—Luton.

- 1 YES, there is One above who knows
The griefs which in the bosom lie ;
Interprets every tear that flows,
And reads the language of a sigh.

- 2 Think not the Lord from sorrows' plaint
Will e'er avert a list'ning ear ;
Think not that he, the spirit faint,
With his rich grace will cease to cheer.
- 3 Rest then the burden of your grief
On that kind arm which never fails ;
Trust in that promise of relief
Which to the sorrowing saint avails.

30

TRUSTING IN GOD.
Arcadia—Ortonville.

C. M.

- 1 In time of fear,
When trouble's near,
I look to thine abode ;
Though helpers fail,
And foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.
- 2 And what is life,
But toil and strife ?
What terror has the grave ?
Thine arm of power,
In peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.
- 3 In darkest skies,
Though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed :
O God of light,
And boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed !

31 ENCOURAGEMENT FROM PAST MERCIES. LCM
Need of Faith.

- 1 O STRANGE infirmity, to think
That he will leave my soul to sink
In darkness and distress ;
Who has appeared in times of old,
Who sav'd me while the billows roll'd,
And cheered me with his grace.
- 2 What sweeter pledge could God bestow,
Of help in future scenes of wo,
Than grace already giv'n ?
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh, when I should sing
Of confidence in heaven.

32 AGAINST GLOOMY THOUGHTS. 8s & 7s.
Dismission—Greenville.

- 1 WHY, when storms around you gather,
Should your trembling spirit sink ?
Look to God, your heav'nly Father,
And of his sweet promise think.
- 2 Fancy will be often painting
Scenes in dark and fearful shade ;
Yet why should thy soul be fainting,
Of prospective woes afraid ?
- 3 Cease that dark anticipation ;
Still let love and faith abound ;
For the day of tribulation
Strength sufficient will be found.

- 4 God is love, and will not leave you
 When you most his kindness need ;
 God is true, nor can deceive you,
 Though your faith be weak indeed.

33 PAINFUL ANTICIPATIONS. 8s & 7s.
Aberdeen—Love Divine.

- 1 WHAT rude conflict lies before me,
 Nearer still th' approaching hour ;
 May that God who watches o'er me,
 Save by his almighty power !
 Will he treat me as a stranger,
 When I tell him all my grief?
 No ; in many a time of danger
 He has brought me sweet relief.
- 2 In his love and peace abiding,
 With a fixed, unwavering trust,
 In his promises confiding,
 Who is merciful as just,
 I will chide each care and sorrow
 That too oft my bosom fill,
 Nor be anxious for the morrow,
 Waiting for his holy will.

34 STRENGTH EQUAL TO THE DAY. 7s.
German Hymn—Horton.

- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon his word,
 "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promis'd needful grace—
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see ;
This is still thy sweet relief—
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free ;
Faithful, positive, and sure,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

35

PRAYER FOR HELP.

S. M.

State Street—Watchman.

- 1 DEAR Lord, before thy throne,
Behold thy handmaid fall ;
Wilt thou not hear the secret groan,
And listen when I call ?
- 2 Oppress'd to thee I fly ;
Thy promised help afford ;
No other refuge is there nigh
But thine, Almighty Lord.
- 3 Now, in my low estate,
Do thou remember me ;
One smile my fear shall dissipate,
And make the darkness flee.

- 4 Stretch out thy powerful arm,
On thee my soul shall rest ;
Speak, Lord, and sweet will be the calm
Within my anxious breast.

36 LOOKING TO CHRIST IN TROUBLE. 7s, 6li.
Halle—Sydenham.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, this trembling frame,
Tranquillize this beating heart,
Let the savor of thy name
Sweetest influence now impart,
Till the thought that thou art near
Shall dispel each rising fear.
- 2 Let me find a hallowed rest
Never more in sin to rove,
Gently leaning on thy breast
In humility and love ;
Like a simple-hearted child,
With affections undefiled.
- 3 Then, though earthly cares assail,
Though afflictions mark my way,
No temptation shall prevail,
To dishearten or betray :
While I thus in thee confide,
Every want is satisfied.

37 CHRISTIAN COURAGE. S. M.
Conflict—Luther.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismay'd ;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
He will lift up thy head.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
The Lord will clear thy way ;
Wait thou on him, and soon thy night
Shall end in joyous day.

Recovery from Sickness.

38

GRATITUDE TO GOD.
State Street—Dennis.

S. M.

- 1 KINDLY the Lord appear'd
In nature's trying hour ;
My sinking soul his mercy cheer'd,
I felt his strength'ning power.
- 2 He found me on the bed
Of languishing and pain ;
Bade me on him recline my head,
Nor seek his aid in vain.
- 3 I saw his mighty arm
Stretched o'er the rolling wave ;
He snatch'd my life from threat'ning harm
And show'd his power to save.

4 How then can I refuse
The tributary strain ?
The Lord my wasted strength renews,
And makes me well again.

5 O may my future days
True gratitude display :
Nor only speak, but live his praise,
Through each revolving day.

39

CHRIST'S LOVE.

L. M.

Gratitude—German Air.

- 1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare ;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
All pain before its presence flies :
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind :
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love in sufferings be my peace ;
Thy love in weakness make me strong ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be my heaven and song.

40

PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

L. M.

Duke Street—Seasons.

- 1 DISDAIN not, O eternal King,
To hear thy grateful handmaid sing;
O for a seraph's ardent flame,
To celebrate thy glorious name!
- 2 To him who sav'd me from my fears,
And wip'd away my falling tears;
Who in my weakness made me strong—
To him I'll consecrate my song.
- 3 Awake, awake, and tune the lyre,
Almighty love the song inspire;
O let me ne'er attempt in vain
The pure and elevated strain.
- 4 Rais'd from the borders of the grave,
I sing thy mighty power to save;
My rescued soul shall trust in thee,
Through time and in eternity.

41

PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

C. M.

Boynnton—Dedham.

- 1 THE song of gratitude I'll raise
Up to thy high abode,
For thou hast fill'd my mouth with praise,
My ever-gracious God.
- 2 Dangers were gath'ring round my head,
The hour of conflict came;
What time my spirit was afraid,
I trusted in thy name.

- 3 That hour of agony is past,
Which many a life destroys ;
Sorrow and anguish fled in haste,
And left me to my joys.
- 4 What shall I render to the Lord,
Who brought me from the grave ?
For ever be his name ador'd,
For he is strong to save.
- 5 As upward waft those infant sighs,
My thoughts to heaven ascend ;
Joy, love, and gratitude arise,
And praise shall never end.

42 PRAISE FOR RECOVERY—CONSECRATION. C. M.
Wirth—Byefield.

- 1 My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arm of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain ;
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast ;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come ;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

5 Where thou appointest my abode,
There I would choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

43

PSALM CIII.

S. M.

Watchman—State Street.

- 1 Oh bless the Lord my soul ;
Let all within me join
To bless his great and holy name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pains ;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love
When ransomed from the grave ;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

44

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

C. M.

Fountain—Wirth.

- 1 To thee, my God, my heart shall bring
The lively, grateful song:
Thy faithfulness I fain would sing,
With rapture on my tongue.
- 2 Amid the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines;
And thou for ever art the same;
How gracious thy designs.
- 3 When in the hour of deep distress,
To thee, my God, I cried,
Thy strength divine, 'mid helplessness,
My fainting heart supplied.
- 4 And wilt thou all my hopes fulfill?
To thee the work belongs;
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my feeble songs.

Births.

45

THOUGHTS ON AN INFANT.

7s & 8s.

Obion—Dismission.

- 1 MOTHER bids thee, lovely stranger,
Welcome to a world of care,
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare.
- 2 Sore distress will bid thee languish,
Sorrow's night will often frown,
Guilt will fill thy heart with anguish,
And temptations cast thee down.
- 3 Yet indulge no dark surmises;
Hope shall build a fairer scene;
Many a blessing round thee rises,
And thy visions are serene.
- 4 Oh! may Heav'n in love defend thee,
'Mid life's dangers and alarms;
And many blessings still attend thee,
Circled in a Saviour's arms.

46

A MOTHER'S JOYS.

C. M.

Byefield—Dedham.

- 1 SAY, while you press with growing love,
The darling to your breast,
And all a mother's pleasure prove,
Are you entirely blest?

- 2 Ah, no ; a thousand tender cares
By turns your thoughts employ ;
Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief succeeds to joy.
- 3 To God be all your cares resign'd,
Now on his bosom rest ;
No earthly comforts are design'd
To make you fully blest.

47

PIOUS THOUGHTS.
Zadoc—Nuremburgh.

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 GENTLE stranger, fearless come,
To our quiet, happy home ;
Bud of being, beauty's flower,
Sprung to birth this smiling hour,
While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to heav'n we raise.
- 2 Nothing yet thine eyes can see
Of the world's dim mystery ;
Of the tumult and the strife
That embitter human life—
But thy Maker's eye can view
Present scenes and future too.
- 3 Little can thy bosom know
Of the joys and griefs that flow
From a heart impure within,
From a world defiled by sin ;
Yet if trembling life is spar'd,
Heav'n in mercy be thy guard.

- 4 Saviour, from thy heav'nly throne
Smile upon this little one ;
Let thy spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well suppli'd ;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy high abode.

48

BLESSINGS INVOKED.

C. M.

Dedham—Heber.

- 1 BLESSINGS attend thee, little one,
Sweet pledge of mutual love !
On this new coast a stranger thrown,
Directed from above.
- 2 O may the Hand that hither led,
For ever be thy guide ;
And may no sorrows round thee spread,
Nor dangers press thy side.
- 3 Live to reward thy parents' heart,
For every kindness giv'n ;
And when earth's fleeting scenes depart,
Rejoice with them in heav'n.

Children dedicated to God.

49

MATTHEW XIX.

Dedham—Peterborough.

C. M.

- 1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face ;
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive thy blest embrace.
- 3 Oh ! take our offspring to thy care,
Fill them with grace divine ;
Dear Saviour ! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

50

PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

Retreat—Duke Street—Luton.

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne ;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.
- 2 Remove from it each stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified ;
Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.

- 3 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame ;
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.
- 4 This infant we by faith commit
To thy kind love and guardian care ;
We lay it at the Saviour's feet ;
He will not let it perish there.

51

THE COVENANT.
Watchman—St. Thomas.

S. M.

- 1 How great thy mercies, Lord,
How bounteous is thy grace,
Which in the cov'nant of thy love
Includes our rising race.
- 2 The promise, how divine,
To Ab'ram and his seed ;
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying every need."
- 3 These children of our care
We dedicate to God ;
We plead the promise in our prayer,
We plead thy precious blood.
- 4 Thy goodness we adore,
We sing thy matchless grace—
The covenant for ever sure
To thy believing race.

52 CHILDREN BROUGHT TO CHRIST. S. M.
State Street—St. Thomas—Olmütz.

- 1 THE Saviour kindly calls
 Our children to his breast;
 He folds them in his gracious arms,
 Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim;
 The heirs of heav'n are such as these;
 For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee;
 Imploring that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

53 CHILDREN NOT TO BE FORBIDDEN. C. M.
Retirement—Balerna—Peterborough.

- 1 BEHOLD what condescending love
 Jesus on earth displays;
 To little children he extends
 The riches of his grace.
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
 To our forefathers giv'n;
 Young children in his arms he takes,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
 Nor dare the claim resist;
 Since his own lips to us declare,
 Of such will heav'n consist.

- 4 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We give them up to thee :
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

54 DEDICATION OF A YOUNG CHILD IN REF- L.M.
ERENCE TO THE MINISTRY.

Beneficence—Uxbridge—Seasons.

- 1 LONG as he lives he shall be thine ;
This cherish'd gift I now restore ;
Nor longer call the treasure mine,
Giv'n to my God for evermore.
- 2 Still firm in purpose and sincere,
This dedication, Lord, shall stand ;
The child shall now be doubly dear,
As kept and guided by thy hand.
- 3 Let him be early taught of God ;
Prepare him in the days of youth,
Amid the courts of thy abode,
To bear the messages of truth.
- 4 Be this the object of my heart,
Be this the burden of my prayer,
That He thy gospel may impart
To those who shall thy mercy share.
- 5 And may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
Help me in mem'ry to retain
Each promise of thy holy word,
Till hope her sweet assurance gain.

55 CHILDREN NOT TO BE DEPRIVED OF THEIR PRIVILEGES. MATTHEW X. C.M.D.*Moravian Hymn—Byefield.*

- 1 "FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,
"But suffer them to come"—
Ah! then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.
- [2 He took them in his arms and smil'd;
He claimed them as his own;
He blessed them, and, in accents mild,
Made his kind purpose known.]
- 3 "Forbid them not to come to me,
The blessing shall be giv'n;
For, child-like shall the temper be
Of all the heirs of heav'n.
- 4 "Forbid them not to come to me,
Bring them, an off'ring pure;
The promise is to thine and thee;
The covenant is sure.
- 5 "Forbid them not, whene'er thou hold
Communion with thy God;
But plead for mercies manifold,
Through my atoning blood.
- 6 "Forbid them not, from day to day,
Parental discipline;
At home, abroad and by the way,
The gospel light must shine."

- 7 Lord we believe and we obey,
We bring them at thy word :
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

Instruction.

56

WRONG DISCIPLINE.
Moravian—Byefield.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN discipline, with piercing eye
And with indignant brow,
Approaches with severity
T' inflict the angry blow,
Young childhood shudders at the sight
In bitterness of mind,
Submissive only through affright
At actions so unkind.
- 2 Such indignation may fulfill
The cruel tyrant's part,
But never can reclaim the will,
Or subjugate the heart.
No more let violence command
Nor tyranny subdue ;
True love must guide the chast'ning hand
Or ruin will ensue.

57

RIGHT DISCIPLINE.

C. M.

Brattle Street—Byefield.

- 1 WHEN discipline, with temper mild
And resolution wise,
Upon an erring, froward child,
Her trembling hand applies,
And lab'ring with affection true,
And many a falling tear,
The stubborn spirit to subdue—
She then must persevere.
- 2 One thought the parent will sustain
In such a trying hour ;
The effort will not prove in vain,
For God will give it power ;
She humbly looks to him for aid,
In tender, fervent prayer,
And therefore need not be dismayed ;
His presence will be there.

58

PRAYER.

7s. 6li.

Sidmouth—Zadoc.

- 1 WHEN the heart, oppressed with grief,
Feels its light and strength decay,
When the night is vexed with sighs,
When sad tears obscure the day,
Turn, O turn thy soul to prayer,
Trust thee in thy Saviour's care.
- 2 Pray not as the heathen pray,
Speaking many a heartless word,
God, thy Father, sees each tear,

Every sigh by him is heard ;
Pray with heart, and soul, and thought,
As the Lord, our Saviour, taught.

- 3 Father, hallowed be thy name,
Let thy glorious kingdom come—
Rule in heaven and earth the same,
Let thy holy will be done ;
Daily bread to us impart,
Give an humble, grateful heart.
- 4 Pardon all our trespasses,
As we injuries forgive ;
Lead us from temptation's paths,
Far from evil may we live ;
Thine the kingdom, thine the power,
Thine the glory, evermore.

59

DIVINE ASSISTANCE DESIRED.

Pleyel's Hymn—Horton.

7s.

- 1 LORD, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race ;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Let us in thy peace abide,
In thy promises confide,
While our seed with ready zeal,
Learn of us to do thy will.

- 3 May we teach them day by day,
In the house and by the way,
When they rise or go to rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.
- 4 While in childhood's tender age
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine.
- 5 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care ;
Be their Shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

60

PLEADING FOR ASSISTANCE.

Pleyel's Hymn—Horton.

7s.

- 1 GRANT US wisdom, gracious Lord,
To instruct our children dear ;
And thy special aid afford,
While for them we kneel in prayer.
- 2 Oh ! how ignorant and weak !
How imperfect in our zeal !
Guilty, while to heav'n we speak—
Jesus, Lord, our pardon seal !
- 3 Help us still our work of love
Daily, hourly, to pursue ;
While thy Spirit from above
Shall our children's souls renew.

4 For this blessing now we plead,
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
Smile on us and on our seed,
Make thy power and glory known.

5 Thou hast heard our solemn prayer—
We are thine, for ever thine;
Take these children to thy care,
Fill their hearts with grace divine.

61 ENCOURAGEMENT TO EFFORT. C. M.
Lucerne—Byefield—Dedham.

1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work, and despair not: bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

62

PURE IN HEART,
Azmon—Peterborough.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HATEVER dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity.
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.
- 2 Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer' lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.
- 3 And pray of God that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way :—
How dark soever it may be,
It leads to cloudless day.

33 **CHRIST'S EXAMPLE TO CHILDREN.** 7s & 6s pe
Webb—Missionary Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE Author of salvation,
The Saviour meek and mild,
Once took a lowly station—
Became a little child :
In infancy a stranger,
How mean was his abode ;
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son o' God !
- 2 His earthly parents found him
Submissive day by day ;
So meek to all around him—
So ready to obey—

No stain of sin or folly
Could ever cloud his brow ;
His heart, most pure and holy,
With love did ever glow.

- 3 And when his foes assailed him,
He sought but to forgive ;
When to the cross they nailed him,
He died that they might live :
His bright example shows us
How we should act and feel ;
Oh, let it now arouse us
To learn and do his will.

64

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

C. M.

Azmon—Byefield.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin which we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy awful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes which we have done
Be read and published there—
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

- 4 Lord at thy feet asham'd I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins, O God most high,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
Which my Redeemer felt ;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And punish every fault.

65

THE COMMANDMENTS.
Ludlow—Birmingham.

8s.

- 1 ONE God I must worship supreme,
And ne'er before images bow ;
I must not speak light of his name,
But pay to him every vow.
- 2 I'm bound to remember with care,
The Sabbath so hallowed and pure ;
To honor my parents so dear,
That life may the longer endure.
- 3 I never must kill, or consent
To what is impure or untrue ,
Nor steal, nor indulge discontent,
Or covet what is not my due.

- 4 Now help me, O Father in heaven,
 To keep these commandments with zeal,
 In the strength that through Jesus is given
 To those who their sinfulness feel.

66

CONFESSION OF SIN.

S. M.

Watchman—State Street.

- 1 AND is my heart defiled?
 Am I impure within?
 I must to God be reconciled,
 Or perish in my sin.
- 2 His law is just and right,
 And I am wholly wrong:
 I must plead guilty in his sight,
 Though I am very young.
- 3 But Christ for sinners died,
 Himself a ransom gave,
 I'll trust in him, and none beside,
 For he is strong to save.

67

WHY DELAY?

C. M.

Dedham—Peterborough.

- 1 O WHY delay
 To shun the way
 Where sinners love to go;
 To leave the path
 That leads to wrath
 And everlasting wo?

2 O why delay ?
'Tis mercy's day ,
On Jesus now believe ;
With heavenly charms,
And open arms,
He's waiting to receive.

3 O why delay ?
For blest are they
Who learn of heaven while young ;
Sweet lambs of God,
In his abode,
Shall raise a deathless song.

68

A LITTLE CHILD'S CONFESSION.

C. M.

Azmon—Balerma.

- 1 LORD, I confess before thy face,
How guilty I have been ;
Look down from heav'n thy dwelling
place,
And pardon all my sin.
- 2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray,
My passion and my pride ;
The wicked words I dar'd to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.
- 3 I can not lay me down to rest
In quiet on my bed,
Until with shame I have confess'd
The naughty things I've said.

- 4 For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,
And change this wicked heart—
O grant me grace in future time
To act a better part.

69

GOING TO JESUS.

S. M.,

State Street—Watchman.

- 1 HAVE pity on me, Lord,
And cleanse me from my sin :
Thy gracious influence afford,
And make me wholly clean.
- 2 My soul is all defiled,
I know not what to do :
Have pity on a little child,—
Create my heart anew.
- 3 Now, Lord, I come to thee,
O, keep me in thy ways ;
Extend thy pardoning love to me,
And thine shall be the praise.
- 4 Upon thy arm alone,
O Jesus, I depend :
And thou art still before the throne,
The dying sinner's Friend.

Social Meetings.*

70 INVOCATION OF THE SPIRIT. S. M.
 State Street—Watchman.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrows from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul—
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts a flame
 Of never-dying love.

71 INVOCATION OF THE SPIRIT. C. M.
 Boyn-ton—Dundee.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;

* Other portions of the volume may occasionally be consulted for this purpose.

- Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
 At this poor dying rate;
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

72

GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.

C.M.D.

Moravian—Brattle Street.

- 1 O GRIEVE ye not the Holy One
 Who purifies the soul,
 Who guides the weak believer on
 By his benign control:
 How mild and gentle are his ways,
 How tender and how kind!
 How sweetly his enliv'ning rays
 Bring comfort to the mind!

- 2 O grieve ye not the Holy One,
 But hearken to his voice,
 And never lay your armor down
 Nor stoop to earthly joys :
 Increase in knowledge, love, and zeal,
 In faith, in fervent prayer ;
 And may the Spirit guide you still,
 Till ye in heav'n appear.

73 PRAISE OF THE SPIRIT, C. M.
Heber—Byefield.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace, celestial Dove,
 How excellent thy praise !
 How rich the gift of Christian love
 Thy gracious power displays.
- 2 Sweet as the dew on hill and flower,
 That silently distills,
 At evening's soft and balmy hour,
 On Sion's fruitful hills.
- 3 So, with mild influence from above,
 Shall promised grace descend ;
 Till universal peace and love
 O'er all the earth extend.

74 THE SAVIOUR'S PRESENCE. L. M.
Beneficence—Uxbridge.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen beyond the skies.
- 4 Lord we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O rend the heav'ns, in love descend,
And let the skies in mercy bend.

75

A PROMISE—MATTHEW XVIII.

C. M.

Byefield—Peterborough.

- 1 WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim :
- 2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place ;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.
- 3 How bright th' assurance ! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfill to us thy precious word,
Thy loving kindness prove.

- 4 Our offspring to thine arms we bring ;
Receive our infant race ;
O tune their lips thy love to sing,
And fill their hearts with grace.

76 COMING BOLDLY TO A THRONE OF GRACE. S.M.
State Street—Abode—Boylston.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls us near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Thine image, Lord ! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
We ask to serve thee here below
And reign with thee above.
- 4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our will to thine ;
Let us victorious be in death,
And, then, in glory shine.
- 5 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll cheerful leave,
And find our heaven in thee.

77 SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS UPON CHILDREN. C. M.
Dundee—Avon—Brown.

- 1 GREAT God, we would to thee make
known
Each fond maternal care ;
For this we come before thy throne,
And bring our children near.
- 2 We ask not riches, honor, fame,
Or aught the world can give ;
May they but glorify thy name,
And for thy kingdom live.
- 3 This is the burthen of our prayer,
And when from us they're riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs at last, of heaven.

78 SAME SUBJECT. C. M.
Dundee—Chester.

- 1 WITHIN these quiet walls, O Lord,
A fond maternal band
Have met thy goodness to record,
And seek thy guiding hand.
- 2 Oft when we talk, our burning hearts
Break from the earth away ;
While faith its holy strength imparts,
And hope its heav'nly ray.
- 3 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain
Hath gained thy listening ear,

O Saviour ! now in mercy deign
Our ardent cry to hear.

4 'Tis for our children, Lord, we plead,
Dear objects of our care :
Dangers on every side are spread ;
Save them from every snare.

5 O thou blest Guardian ! walk beside
Life's river as it rolls ;
Light the dark stream o'er which they
glide,
And cleanse and save their souls.

79 ASKING BLESSINGS FOR CHILDREN. C.M.
Boyn-ton--Dundee.

1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band ;
As suppliants round the mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The children thou hast given ;
Where should we go in time of need,
But to the God of heaven ?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife ;
But in the all-prevailing name,
We ask eternal life.

- 4 We crave the Spirit's quick'ning grace
To make them pure in heart;
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

80 SANCTIFICATION OF CHILDREN. S. M.
State Street—Watchman.

- 1 GREAT God, with heart and tongue,
To thee aloud we pray,
That all our children, while they're young,
May walk in wisdom's way.
- 2 Now in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow.
- 3 Make their defenseless youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.
- 4 Their hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

81 SELF-CONSECRATION. C. M.
Avon—Dundee.

- 1 COME, let us join ourselves to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us share, without delay,
 The covenant of his grace ;
 Nor shall the years of distant life
 Its memory e'er efface.

3 O may our rising offspring haste ;
 To seek their father's God ;
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path
 Their father's feet have trod.

82 UNION OF SAINTS IN EARTH AND HEAVEN. C.M.
Dedham—Brattle Street.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And, on the eagle wings of love,
 To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone,
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one :—

3 One family,—we dwell in him ;
 One church,—above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

5 Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die !

6 Dear Saviour ! be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

83

PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

C. M.

Dedham—Ortonville.

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints !
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 4 Dear Saviour ! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

- 5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer ! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

84

ABRAHAMIC COVENANT.

C. M.

Moravian—Byefield.

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Ab'ram and his seed ;
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying every need."
2 His promise to the seed he loves,
Through ages shall endure ;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father giv'n ;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out our children's name.

85

PLEADING THE PROMISES.

S. M.

State Street—Tioga.

- 1 O God of Ab'ram, hear
The parents' humble cry ;
In cov'nant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

- 2 These children of our love,
 In mercy thou hast giv'n,
 That we through grace may faithful prove,
 In training them for heaven.
- 3 O grant thy Spirit, Lord,
 Their hearts to sanctify ;
 Remember now thy gracious word ;
 Our hopes on thee rely.
- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,
 The penitential sigh ;
 Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
 And fix their hopes on high.
- 5 These children now are thine,
 We give them back to thee ;
 O lead them by thy grace divine,
 Along the heavenly way.

86

THE COVENANT.

L.C.M.

Warning Voice—Meribah.

- 1 THE covenant of grace divine,—
 “I'll be a God to thee and thine”—
 With gratitude we sing ;
 Made with the offspring of the earth—
 Made with the heirs of sinful birth,
 By heaven's eternal King.
- 2 The words “*to thee*,” and “*to thy seed*,”
 With equal wonder now we read,
 Clothed with such life and power ;

May we with steadfast faith rely
 Upon their twofold energy,
 Till life's last fading hour.

- 3 And may true works with faith unite
 To guide our offspring all aright
 Rich mercies to obtain ;
 That when for us and for our seed
 The blessed covenant we plead,
 We shall not plead in vain.

87

ABIDING COVENANT.

C. M.

Avon—Azmon—Dundee.

- 1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure ;
 And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee
 As nature could desire ;
 To nobler joys than nature gives
 Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My Father art become ;
 Jesus my guardian and my friend,
 And heav'n my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.

88 SPIRITUAL MERCIES FOR CHILDREN. S. M.
Abode—Watchman.

- 1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.
- 2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock!
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.
- 3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart—
Make them entirely thine.
- 4 To-day in love descend,
O come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.
- 5 Our lab'ring bosoms bleed
Till thou our griefs dispel;
Sure is the covenant we plead,
In all things order'd well.
- 6 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

89 CHILDREN COMMITTED TO THE GOOD L. M. SHEPHERD.

Gratitude—Hamburgh.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
Beyond thy blest inclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,
- 2 Remember still that they are thine ;
That thy dear sacred name they bear ;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be ;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

90 COVENANT BREAKING DEPLORED. 8s & 7s. *Dismission—Parting Soul.*

- 1 LORD, we bow with deep contrition,
Low before thy throne of grace ;
Hear us in thy kind compassion,
While we seek thy smiling face.
- 2 Where but to a bleeding Saviour,
Should we come for life and peace ?
Nothing but thy boundless favor,
Can our burdened souls release.

- 3 Thou hast witnessed our transgression,
Thou hast seen our load of guilt;
Witness now our deep confession,
Thou whose precious blood was spilt.
- 4 Ah, this sin of cov'nant breaking!
Canst thou, wilt thou, Lord, forgive?
Shall we hear thy mercy speaking?
Canst thou bid us look and live.
- 5 Pardon, peace, and consolation,
At thy bleeding cross we see;
There we take an humble station,
There our children bring to thee.

91 UNGODLY CHILDREN DEPLORED. C. M.
Avon—Azmon.

- 1 How did the pious Ab'ram pray
For an ungodly son!
My soul in this accepted day,
Would make his prayer my own.
- 2 He could not clasp a sinful child,
And lift no prayer above;
And shall my offspring be exiled
From God my Father's love?
- 3 Shall cruel spirits drag them down
To darkness and despair,
Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
To dwell for ever there?

4 O Lord! the dreadful scene forbid,
 And let our faith revive;
 If Ab'ram might for Ishmael plead,
 The chosen seed may live.

92 THE DIVINE SHEPHERD. 7s 6li.
Nuremburgh—Zadoc.

1 SHEPHERD of the fold of God,
 Who hast bought us by thy blood,
 Make these little ones thy care,
 Keep their hearts from every snare;
 Bid them see thy heavenly charms,
 Fold them in thy gracious arms.

2 Shepherd of the fold of God,
 Who the vale of sorrows trod,
 Once thyself a little child,
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Now these waiting children see,
 Cause them to resemble thee.

3 Shepherd of the fold of God,
 Hear us from thy high abode;
 For these lambs to thee we cry:
 Let them on thy grace rely;
 Let their follies be forgiven,
 Fit them for the gate of heaven.

93 CONVERTED CHILDREN. 7s.
Pleyel's Hymn—Horton.

1 SHEPHERD of the little flock
 That have given their hearts to thee,

Bring them to the smitten rock,
Let them thy salvation see.

2 Keep them from the tempter's power ;
Keep them from presumptuous sin ;
Save in every trying hour ;
Cleanse from every stain within.

3 May they grow in Christian love,
In humility and zeal ;
May their faith yet stronger prove,
While they strive to do thy will.

4 Glory to that wondrous grace
Which hath drawn their hearts to God,
Gained for them a dwelling place
In the heavenly bright abode.

5 Fit them for that holy rest ;
Claim them for thy service here ;
Till among thy spirits blest,
They in glory shall appear.

94

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.
Dismission—Obion.

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm ;
There, we know—thy word believing—
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

95 A HAPPY FAMILY. 7s & 6s pec.
 Webbe—Saxony.

1 WHAT sight on earth more blissful
Than that domestic scene,
Where union, pure and peaceful
As sun-lit clouds at e'en,
Each kindred heart enlightens,
With many a heaven-born ray,
That ever shines and brightens
Unto the perfect day ?

2 There discord is a stranger—
There strife can never come ;
And many a snare and danger
Are exiled from that home ;
While indolence and folly
Are banished with their train,
And converse pure and holy
Exerts her gentle reign.

- 3 And there how sweet and precious
 The grateful song to raise,
 To Him, so kind and gracious,
 Who claims the highest praise :
 With glad harmonious voices,
 Parents and children join,
 While every heart rejoices
 In blessings so divine.
- 4 In such a habitation
 May we be ever found,
 Where waters of salvation
 In healing streams abound :
 Affection's voice to chide us
 Whene'er we go astray ;
 And Mercy's hand to guide us
 Along the narrow way.

96

ENJOYMENT IN THE SAVIOUR.

L. M.

Zephyr—Gratitude.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world be
 gone,
 Let my religious hours alone ;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire :
 Come sacred Spirit from above,
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thy entertainments are !

Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee, Lord.

97 CLOSE OF MEETING. L. M.
Retreat—Uxbridge.

- 1 ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.
- 2 May the great truths we here have heard
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.
- 3 O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

Early Piety.

98

A MORNING IN SPRING.

8s.

Ludlow—Manepy.

- 1 How beauteous the morning appears,
The woodlands their songs have begun,
The dew-drops, like penitent tears,
Are bright in the beams of the sun.
- 2 The landscape is verdant and gay,
The meadows in richness are clad,
The flocks and the herds are at play,
The heart of the peasant is glad.
- 3 How gently the waterfall pours !
How softly the breezes arise !
How fragrant the beautiful flowers
Which Spring in her bounty supplies !
- 4 All nature is smiling in peace,
The goodness of God she displays,
As mercies around us increase,
Let us join in the anthems of praise.

99

EARLY PIETY.

7s.

German Hymn—Seymour.

- 1 YOUNG and happy as thou art
Not a furrow on thy brow :
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord thy Maker now.

- 2 In its freshness bring the flower
 While the dew upon it lies—
 In the cool and cloudless hour
 Of the morning sacrifice.
- 3 As the first fruits of the year
 Should be offered to the Lord,
 So the first fruits of the heart
 On his altar should be poured.
- 4 Thus the blessing from above
 On life's harvest shall be given ;
 Sown in tears, perhaps, on earth,
 Reaped in joyfulness in heaven.

100

"TEACH ME TO PRAY."
Byefield—Dundee.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
 Thy grace betimes impart ;
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A helpless creature I was born,
 And from the birth I strayed :
 I must be wretched and forlorn
 Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain ;
 And fit my soul with him to live
 Where he shall ever reign.

- 4 To him let youth and children come,
For he hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 5 For those who early seek his face,
Shall taste his wondrous love ;
And he will guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

101 SELF-DEDICATION OF A CHILD. S. M.
Amity Street—State Street.

- 1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defil'd ;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.
- 2 I can not live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love ;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.
- 3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care ;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.
- 4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine ;
Still keep me in thy fear ;
Now fill my heart with grace divine ;
Bring thy salvation near.

102

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.
Uxbridge—Duke Street.

L. M.

- 1 THOUGH we are simple, weak, and young,
The Lord will listen when we pray ;
For never from the infant's tongue
Did Jesus turn his ear away.
- 2 No, he assists the humble prayer,
Grants the importunate request ;
Tells us, that should we trust his care,
He'll ever make us truly blest.
- 3 O may his love renew our hearts,
And consecrate our fleeting days ;
And when our life on earth departs,
Eternal life be spent in praise.

103

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.
Fountain--Dunchurch.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow and difficult the road,
But Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads through this dark world of sin,
Where many a snare is cast ;
But upright souls that walk therein,
Will come to heav'n at last.
- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dang'rous path to tread ?
Do I not need a Shepherd's care,
To be securely led ?

4 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
O let me never stray;
Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide,
Or wander from my way.

5 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old;
"The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
And lead them to the fold."

104

INFANT ASPIRATIONS.

C. M.

Fountain—Byefield.

1 ALMIGHTY God, while earth and heav'n
Thy power and skill proclaim,
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honors of thy name?

2 May children aim at themes so great,
Or raise their notes so high,
When seraphs, low beneath thy feet,
In self-abasement lie?

3 I yield my powers to thy employ,
O may they never rove!
Where can I find sublimer joy,
Than in this work of love?

4 Great God, thou art my hope and strength,
To thee my spirit flies,
While the glad tribute of my voice
In grateful song shall rise.

5 Joyful I give myself to thee,
 And in thy name confide ;
 Jesus, my Lord, my Saviour be,
 My Father, Friend, and Guide.

105

"FORBID THEM NOT."

H. M.

Rivington—Stowe.

1 "FORBID them not to come!"
 It is the Saviour's voice :
 And now in childhood's bloom,
 We tremble and rejoice.
 Subdue our hearts, O Lord, to thee
 Let every soul thy temple be.

2 "Forbid them not to come!"
 Ye tender parents hear :
 The child in nature's gloom
 Entreats your ardent prayer.
 O take us to thy mercy-seat,
 And lay us down at Jesus' feet.

106 SELF-CONSECRATION OF A LITTLE CHILD. 8s.
Confidence—Birmingham.

1 O JESUS, delight of my soul,
 My Saviour, my Shepherd divine ;
 I yield to thy blessed control ;
 My body and spirit are thine,
 Thy love I can never deserve,
 That bids me be happy in thee ;
 My God and my King I will serve,
 Whose favor is heaven to me.

- 2 How can I thy goodness repay,
 By nature so weak and defiled?
 Myself I have given away;
 O call me thy own little child.
 And art thou my Father above?
 Will Jesus abide in my heart?
 O bind me so fast with thy love,
 That I never from thee shall depart.

107

ADOPTION.

7s 6li.

Hewes—Zadoc.

- 1 FATHER, let thy light divine
 Brightly o'er my pathway shine;
 Bid the shadows disappear,
 Banish every sinful fear;
 Guide me in the narrow way
 To the realms of endless day.

Sickness.

108

IN SICKNESS.

7s & 6s.

Fayetteville—Saxony.

- 1 BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
 To thee, O Lord, we cry;
 While for thy gift of healing
 We raise our voice on high:

Diseases and afflictions

Thy ready servants are ;
Chastisements and corrections
To quicken us in prayer.

- 2 We own our guilt and folly,
But thou canst still forgive ;
And thou, most high and holy,
Canst bid the sick revive :
Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress,
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.

- 3 As suppliants now before thee,
In thy great name we plead ;
Physician, we adore thee,
And trembling ask thine aid :
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee we cry ;
Send down thy gift of healing,
On thee our souls rely.

109

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Ludlow—Manepy.

8s.

- 1 How frail are these bodies of clay !
How soon all their vigor is lost !
They flourish in beauty to day,
To-morrow they mingle with dust.
- 2 So flowers in the morning may rise,
Unfolding their leaves to the sun ;

While the breath of each zephyr that
 sighs,
 May blast them, and soon they are
 gone.

3 Afflictions spring not from the ground,
 Diseases our Sovereign obey ;
 His hand can heal every wound,
 Or fill us with death and dismay.

4 We lie at thy sovereign control,
 O Lord, in this hour of distress ;
 Physician of body and soul,
 Send down thy recovering grace.

5 Oh ! speak, and the dear one shall live,
 Jehovah almighty to save !
 At thy voice e'en the dead shall revive,
 And triumph at last o'er the grave.

110

A SICK LITTLE CHILD.

L. M.

Armstrong—Zephyr.

1 ALMIGHTY God, I'm very ill ;
 But cure me, if it be thy will ;
 For thou canst take away my pain,
 And make me strong and well again.

2 Let me be patient all the day,
 And mind what those who nurse me say ;
 And grant that all I have to take,
 May do me good for Jesus' sake.

111

DIVINE COMPASSION.

S. M.

Abode—State Street.

- 1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd by every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send our souls to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the plain,
They wither in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

112

HOPE IN SICKNESS.

C. M.

Heber—Armenia.

- 1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disembodied soul
Behold him, and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

- 3 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
 The trumpet's quickening sound ;
 And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
 At his right hand be found.
- 4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
 Weak as it is below,
 What raptures must the blest above,
 In Jesus' presence know !

113 A CHILD'S GRATITUDE FOR RECOVERY. C. M.
Fountain—Haven.

- 1 I THANK the Lord who lives on high,
 He heard an infant pray,
 And cured me, that I should not die,
 And took my pains away.
- 2 O let me love, and serve thee too,
 As long as I shall live ;
 And every naughty thing I do,
 I pray thee to forgive.

Death.

114 A DECEASED INFANT. 8s & 7s.
Dismission—Obion.

- 1 REST upon thy Saviour's bosom
 Sweetest gem of Eden's bower ;
 There for ever bud and blossom,
 Like a well-transplanted flower.

- 2 Late we saw thee brightly smiling,
 Artless in thy infant glee,
 Many a care of earth beguiling
 By thy sweet simplicity.
- 3 Now amid the cherubs standing,
 Reared by holier hands than ours,
 With thy lovely heart expanding;
 How augmented are thy powers!
- 4 Precious one! we would not grieve thee
 Wishing thy return to earth;
 With thy Saviour we would leave thee,
 Joyous thy celestial birth.
- 5 Happier far than e'er we knew thee
 In this world of toil and tears;
 There at length, we hope to view thee
 In the dawn of endless years.

115

DECEASE OF AN INFANT.

L. M.

Hamburgh—Armstrong—Zephyr.

- 1 So fades the lovely blooming flower,
 Frail smiling solace of an hour;
 So soon our transient comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
 To heal the anguish of the heart?
 Spirit of grace, be ever nigh,
 Thy comforts are not made to die.

- 3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain,
 Till dying hope shall live again;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky.

116

DECEASE OF A CHILD.

C. M.

Haven—Angello.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
 How soon the vapor flies!
 Man is a tender transient flower,
 That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads his withering wintry arms,
 And beauty smiles no more:
 Ah! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleased our eyes before?
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
 Thy Saviour dwells on high:
 There everlasting spring appears,
 There joys shall never die.

117

DECEASE OF A CHILD.

C. M.

Haven—Balerna.

- 1 ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
 Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
 Fair, smiling comfort of an hour,
 How soon we're called to part!

- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For one that rests above?
- 3 No, let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to thy will;
And with my inmost spirit say,
The Lord is righteous still.
- 4 The darkest nights and loudest storms
Of earth will soon be o'er;
Then upward with th' angelic forms
We'll rise to weep no more.

118 RESIGNATION AT AN INFANT'S DEATH. 8s & 7s.
Parting Soul—Dismission.

- 1 Now, O Lord, to thee submitting,
We the tender pledge resign;
And thy mercies ne'er forgetting,
Own that all we have is thine.
- 2 Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumbers,
Till the resurrection morn;
Then arise to join the numbers
Who its triumph shall adorn.
- 3 Though thy presence was endearing,
Though thy absence we deplore,
At the Saviour's bright appearing,
We shall meet to part no more.

119

BECKONING ANGELS.
Honolulu—Brattle Street.

C. M. D.

- 1 AROUND that couch they sweetly bend
 With whisperings of love,
Long ere the mortal strife shall end,
 Beck'ning the soul above :
We see them not, we nothing hear,
 Nor dream that they are nigh,
While they the Christian thus prepare
 In heavenly peace to die.

- 2 They bid him as on seraph wings
 The distant realms explore
Where servants of the King of kings,
 In ecstasy adore :
They bid him view the blood-bought
 throng,
 Arrayed in garments white,
Chanting the everlasting song,
 Mid rivers of delight.

- 3 They woo his heart to tender love
 By thoughts of sin forgiven,
Thro' one who died, yet lives above
 An Advocate in heaven ;
That gentle, meek, devoted One
 Whose sympathy of heart,
While filling his exalted throne,
 Can richest grace impart.

- 4 They point him to a Father's care
 That every want supplies,
 Who hearkens to his tender prayer
 And hears his feeblest sigh :
 They point him to a Comforter
 Whose love can never fail,
 Whose messages they come to bear
 That faith may still prevail.
- 5 These are a portion of the train ;
 The Lord himself draws near,
 With gentlest touch to soothe his pain,
 And dissipate his fear.
 Blessed attendants, may they come
 When my last hour draws nigh,
 To cheer my pathway thro' the gloom,
 And waft my soul on high.

120 WHY LAMENT THE DEPARTED ? 8s & 7s. sin,
Parting Soul—Obion.

- 1 WHY lament the Christian dying ?
 Why indulge in tears or gloom ?
 Calmly on the Lord relying,
 He can greet the opening tomb.
- 2 What if death with icy fingers,
 All the fount of life congeals ?
 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
 'Tis not death his spirit feels.

- 3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
 Though with grief thy heart is riven ;
While his flesh to dust is turning,
 All his soul is filled with heaven.
- 4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
 Now forbid his longer stay ;
See him rise o'er death victorious ;
 Angels beckon him away.
- 5 Hark ! the golden harps are ringing ;
 Sounds unearthly fill his ear :
Millions now in heaven singing,
 Greet his joyful entrance there.

121

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

C. M.

Dundee—Haven.

- 1 THE relics of departed worth
 Lie shrouded here in gloom ;
And here with aching heart I mark
 My own dear mother's tomb.
- 2 Oh ! as upon her peerless grave
 I fix my weeping eyes,
How many fond remembrances
 In quick succession rise !
- 3 Again I see her gentle form,
 As when in infant days,
And childhood's early sportive years,
 She guarded all my ways.

- 4 Again her kind maternal voice
Falls on my list'ning ear,
As when she taught my youthful soul
The God of love to fear.
- 5 Father of heav'n, my mother's God !
Before thy blissful seat,
Among the glorious heirs of light,
May I that mother meet.
- 6 There may I see her happy face,
And hear her gentle voice ;
And, gladden'd by thy smiling rays,
Through endless years rejoice.

122 THE WIDOW AND FATHERLESS. L. M.
Hamburgh—Zephyr.

- 1 O THOU that art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,
We bow beneath thy chast'ning rod
This hour of conflict and distress.
- 2 Parent and husband thou hast borne
In silence to the op'ning tomb ;
Pity the lov'd ones, Lord, that mourn,
Whose spirits now are filled with gloom.
- 3 The hand that chastens us can heal,
O God of faithfulness and love !
In mercy now thy grace reveal,
A Father's loving kindness prove.

- 4 O thou that art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,
Now hearken from thy high abode,
And deign to answer us in peace.

123 THE WIDOW'S GOD. L. M.
Beneficence—Gratitude—Ward.

- 1 THE widow and the fatherless
Who cry to heaven in their distress,
Shall find a hand for ever near
To wipe away each sorrowing tear.
- 2 Rich promises are kindly giv'n
To humble souls by sorrow riv'n;
Our God upholds them by his care,
And hearkens to their tender prayer.
- 3 "O let thy widows trust in me:
Thy fatherless no want shall see;
For none who ever trust in God
Shall find a desolate abode."
- 4 Here to the stricken ones, O Lord,
Thy consolations now afford;
Be thou their Husband, Parent, Friend,
Till all life's pilgrimage shall end.

124 A DYING CHILD. C. M.
Dundee—Avon—Angello.

- 1 MY heavenly Father, I confess
That all thy ways are just;
Although I faint with sore distress,
And now draw near the dust.

- 2 How soon my little strength has fled,
My life will soon be past :
O smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last.
- 3 Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
“Let little children come ;”
On this kind word I would rely,
Since I am going home.
- 4 O take this guilty soul of mine,
That now will soon be gone,
And wash it clean, and make it shine
With heavenly garments on.
- 5 Be pleased to grant an easy death,
If 'tis thy holy will ;
And bid the struggles of my breath
And all my pains be still.
- 6 My heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Accept my feeble praise ;
And let me quickly meet thee where
A nobler song I'll raise.

125

THE GRAVE.

L. M.

Spaulding—Hamburgh.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground, [low in the ground.]
- 2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,

Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

- 3 Then traveler, in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.
- 4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

126

PEACEFUL GRAVE.
Dundee—China.

C. M.

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where—life's vain tumults past—
Th' appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God, in judgment, call them forth
To meet their final doom.

127 DEPARTING SPIRIT OF A CHRISTIAN. 8s & 7s.
Parting Soul—Dismission.

- 1 PARTING soul! the flood awaits thee,
 And the billows round thee roar;
 Yet, rejoice—the holy city
 Stands on yon celestial shore.
- 2 There are crowns, and thrones of glory,
 There the living waters glide;
 There the just, in shining raiment,
 Standing by Immanuel's side.
- 3 Linger not—the stream is narrow,
 Though its cold dark waters rise;
 He, who passed the flood before thee,
 Guides thy path to yonder skies.

128 A COMING RESURRECTION. C. M.
Pratt—Haven.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's
 path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injured King,
 Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
 The storms of life shall beat.

- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie ;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

129

THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH.

C. M.

Haven—Byefield.

- 1 IN vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh the bondage breaks ;
We scarce can say he's gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much, and 'tis enough to know,
Saints are completely blest ;

Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
And see him face to face ;
Oh let us catch the heavenly flame,
And live in his embrace !



Consolation in Affliction.



130

HEAVEN GLORIOUS.

C. M.

Manoah—Avon—Dundee.

- 1 How glorious is the land we seek,
A land without a tomb,
An everlasting resting place,
A sure and quiet home.
- 2 Far sunnier than the hills of time
Are its eternal hills ;
Far fresher than the rills of earth
Are its eternal rills.
- 3 No blight can fall upon its flowers,
No darkness fill its air,
It has a day for ever bright,
For Christ, its sun, is there.

- 4 O Sun of love, and peace, arise,
 Thy light upon us beam;
 For all this life is but a sleep,
 And all this world a dream.

131

LOVE TO GOD.

C. M.

Manoah—Avon—Boynton.

- 1 God only is the creature's home,
 Though long and rough the road;
 Yet nothing less can satisfy
 The love that longs for God.
- 2 O utter but the name of God
 Down in your heart of hearts,
 And 'see how from the world at once
 All tempting light departs.
- 3 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
 Can win their way above;
 If mountains can be moved by faith,
 Is there less power in love?
- 4 How little of that road, my soul!
 How little hast thou gone!
 Take heart, and let the thought of God
 Allure thee further on.

132

ARK OF SAFETY.

S. M.

Watchman—State Street—Abode.

- 1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam;
 All this wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.

- 2 Behold the ark of God ;
Behold the open door ;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

133

THY WILL BE DONE.

Dundee—Avon.

C. M.

- 1 It is the Lord ; my soul be still,
And bow before the throne ;
O let me now submissive feel,
And say, " Thy will be done."
- 2 It is the Lord, whose chastening hand
Has filled the cup of wo ;
The shaft of death by his command,
Has struck the fatal blow.
- 3 It is the Lord, who kindly gave,
That takes the gift away ;
'Tis sin that dooms us to the grave,
In his appointed way.
- 4 It is the Lord, and he is good,
Unchangeably the same :
Though sorrow rises like a flood
I'll bless his holy name.

134 **THY WILL BE DONE.** 8s & 7s.
Parting Soul—Obion—Dismission.

- 1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding,
 O'er the spoils that death has won,
 Let us, at this solemn meeting,
 Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
 Though afflicted, not alone;
 Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
 Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
 Take away these hearts of stone;
 While we all, with true submission,
 Meekly say thy will be done.
- 4 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
 Mercy still is on the throne,
 With thy smiles of love returning,
 We can sing, thy will be done.
- 5 To thine arms the child was given;
 Thou hast taken but thine own;
 Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
 Evermore thy will be done.

135 **WHY WEEP FOR DEPARTED SAINTS? L. M.**
St. Edmonds—Hamburgh.

- 1 WHY weep for those, frail child of wo,
 Who've fled and left thee sorrowing
 here?
 Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
 They glory in a brighter sphere.

- 2 Why weep for them ? beside thee now
 Perhaps they watch with guardian
 care,
 Witness thy tears that freely flow,
 While they the bliss of angels share.
- 3 Or round their Father's throne above,
 With raptured voice his praise they
 sing ;
 Or on his messages of love
 They journey with unwearied wing.
- 4 They weep no more ; their voices raise
 The song of triumph high to God ;
 And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
 Walk humbly in the paths they trod.

136

THE LOSS OF A CHILD. 8s & 7s. dbl.
Aberdeen—Love Divine.

- 1 HAST thou lost a child most precious ?
 'Tis thy Father brings thee low :
 'Mid the affliction he is gracious,
 Pitying while he deals the blow :
 Sister, lift thine eye above thee ;
 'Tis from thence the rod descends :
 He must chasten, if he love thee :
 Kiss the hand that is a Friend's.
- 2 He would bring the wand'rer near him,
 Cause the contrite tear to flow :
 Take the draught and love and fear him,
 Though the cup be fill'd with wo :

We can only share thy sadness,
Mingling sighs and tears with thine ;
He can give celestial gladness,
Quench the fire, and yet refine.

- 3 O there is no cross, no fetter,
While we bear the yoke of love :
Crushing makes the fragrance sweeter ;
Sorrows point to rest above.
Drooping mourner, canst thou languish
Near the great Consoler's feet ?
He can give thee joy for anguish ;
Seek him at the mercy-seat.

137 WEEP NOT THE DEPARTED. 8s & 7s.
Obion—Parting Soul.

- 1 O, YE mourners ! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love !
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely in the deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.
- 3 O, ye mourners ! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love !
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns of love.

- 4 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high :
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.

138

AFFLICTION BLESSED.

State Street—Shirland—Abode.

S. M.

- 1 How tender is thy hand,
 O thou beloved Lord !
 Afflictions come at thy command,
 And leave us at thy word.
- 2 How gentle was the rod
 That chasten'd us for sin !
 How soon we found a smiling God
 Where deep distress had been !
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,
 A Father's heart we knew ;
 'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
 And found his word was true.
- 4 We told him all our grief ;
 We thought of Jesus' love ;
 A sense of pardon brought relief,
 And bade our pangs remove.
- 5 Now we will bless the Lord,
 And in his strength confide :
 For ever be his name adored,
 For there is none beside.

139

AFFLICTIONS PROFITABLE.

S. M.

Abode—Watchman.

- 1 SWEET fruits afflictions bring ;
Like those on Aaron's rod ;
They bud and bloom divinely fair,
Which proves them sent of God.
- 2 He takes the rod in hand,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel,
May quick'ning grace impart.
- 3 Those blessings in disguise
Compensate all our pain ;
Our losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
We count them all but gain.
- 4 Faith finds each promise sure ;
Hope looks within the vail ;
Love bears the discipline divine,
And cleaves to Jesus still.
- 5 Thus by the grace of God
Our everlasting Friend,
Our chastisements and sorrows here
Will soon in glory end.

140

PILGRIMAGE.

8s & 7s.

Solney—Dismission.

- 1 PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the hand that rules the skies.

- 2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run ;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.
- 3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the light of heaven shall dawn.
- 4 On the Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day :
All the powers of earth combining,
Shall not snatch our crown away.

141

JOY IN GOD.

C. M.

Delight—Chester—Avon.

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near ?
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear.
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee ;

I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

- 5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

142

SORROWS PROFITABLE.

L. M.

Armstrong—St. Edmonds.

- 1 "I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break the dream of human power,
For now my shallow cistern's spent
I find thy fount and thirst no more.
- 2 I take thy hand and fears grow still ;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove ;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love !
- 3 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm,
And tune its sad and broken speech,
To join on earth the angels' psalm.

143

PRESENCE OF GOD IN AFFLICTION.

C. M.

Wirth—Avon—Dundee.

- 1 THY gracious presence, O my God !
Can soothe my inward pains ;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 2 This can my every care control,
And gild each scene with light ;

This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it, all is night.

3 My Lord! my Life! Oh! cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray;
Oh! bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

4 Oh! happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams arise;—
Unclouded beauty to the sight,—
Sweet rapture and surprise!

5 Lord! shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darkest hours away,
And rise on faith's expanding wing,
To everlasting day.

144 SOWING IN TEARS AND REAPING IN C. M. D.
JOY.

Honolulu—Brattle Street.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with care oppressed;
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall
cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts that here annoy ;
Then they that oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

- 2 There is an hour of sweet repose,
When storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore ;
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy.

145

THE REQUEST.

C. M.

Armenia—Haven—Wirth.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

146 BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN. L. M.
Rose Hill—Rockingham—Hamburgh.

- 1 OH! deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night!
Grief may abide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter happier sphere
Will give him to thine arms again.
- 5 For God hath marked each anguished day
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

147 WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT. L. C. M.
Moore—Bremen.

- 1 SONGS in the night full oft are given,
Soft breathings from the air of heaven,
Sweet zephyrs to the soul;

The pilgrim's lonely heart to cheer,
And bring celestial glories near
By their divine control.

- 2 Songs in the night kind heaven supplies,
When cares and trials round us rise,
Our comfort to destroy ;
They bid the tempter far retire,
And fill the soul with holy fire,
Celestial peace and joy.
- 3 Songs in the night of sorrow's power,
Affliction's tempest, death's dark hour,
The pilgrim yet will sing ;
He'll shout with faith's uplifted eye
"O grave, where is thy victory !
O death, where is thy sting !"

Miscellaneous.

148

PRAYER AND PRAISE.
Libnah—Homer—Martin.

7s.

- 1 PRAYER and praise together given
To address the throne of heaven,
Both alike the heart require,
Kindled by celestial fire.

- 2 Prayer in supplication bends,
Praise on cheerful wing ascends ;
Prayer confesses and implores,
Praise rejoices and adores :
- 3 Prayer, while waves of trouble roll,
Stills the tempest of the soul ;
Praise, while blessings round us throng,
Cheers the heart and tunes the tongue.
- 4 Prayer, in danger, toil, and strife—
Prayer, when want embitters life,
Or when sin and guilt oppress,
Hushes every thought to peace.
- 5 Praise in every scene can find
Subjects for a thankful mind ;
Bright perfections to employ
Sweetest themes of holy joy.
- 6 Let us then, while life remains,
Filled with pleasures or with pains,
Fix with faith our upward gaze,
In the work of prayer and praise.

149

CHRIST'S PRESENCE DESIRED. 7s & 6s.
Saxony—Fayetteville.

- 1 IN darkness and temptation,
In sorrow and in fear,
O God of our salvation
Be thou for ever near :

Compassionate our blindness,
 Commiserate our grief,
 And in thy loving kindness,
 Appear for our relief.

2 How weak is each endeavor
 To find sweet peace of heart!
 No earthly friend can ever
 This heavenly gift impart;
 But Jesus thy rich merit
 Unto our souls display,
 And grant us thy good Spirit
 To guide us on our way.

3 Do thou our souls enlighten,
 Sweet rays of comfort bring,
 Till every thought shall brighten
 On contemplation's wing;
 Till thy return we languish,
 In darkness and in fear;
 O dissipate our anguish,
 And every bosom cheer.

150

MEDITATION.
Zadoc—Sidmouth.

7s, 6 lines.

1 CHRISTIAN, would'st thou know the joy
 Pure religion can impart?
 Let her truths thy mind employ,
 Firmly fix thy roving heart—
 Then will radiance round thee shine,
 With an influence all divine.

- 2 Think who fills a Father's throne ;
How in righteousness he reigns ;
What perfections he hath shown ;
How unchangeable remains :
Countless worlds proclaim his power,
And his glorious name adore.
- 3 Think of all that heavenly grace,
Which in Christ, the Lord, appears,
Till the vision of his face,
A celestial glory wears :
Where the eye of faith may view
Wonders still for ever new.
- 4 Think upon that Spirit pure,
Who the love of God reveals ;
Shows the promise ever sure,
And, within, his witness seals :
Think upon his hallowed name,
Till his love thy soul inflame.
- 5 God is holy, just, and good ;
Thou art sinful, weak, and vile,
Blessings by his hand bestowed,
Round thy habitation smile ;
These should charm thy heart to love—
These should fix thy thoughts above.
- 6 Dost thou now in darkness mourn,
And the tear of anguish shed ?
Child of hope, to God return ;

Lift on high thy drooping head :
Rays celestial round thee shine—
Heaven and all its joys are thine !

151

THE SOUL.

C. M.

Byefield—Dedham.

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price
The whole creation round ?
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ is found.
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath !
That keeps two worlds at strife ;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to reclaim it did not spare
His well-beloved Son ;
Jesus, to save it deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthly vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
This knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

152

SPRING SPIRITUALIZED.

C. M.

Delight—Ortonville.

- 1 AT length the opening spring has come,
How joyous is the scene !
The air is filled with rich perfume ;
The fields are dressed in green.
- 2 I see my Saviour, from on high,
Break through the clouds and shine ;
No creature now more blest than I,
No heart more glad than mine.
- 3 Thy word bids all my hopes revive,
It overcomes my foes ;
It makes my drooping graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.
- 4 Thus, Lord a monument I stand
Of what thy grace can do ;
Still guide me with thy gentle hand,
Thy changing seasons through.

153

SUMMER—WHY IN SADNESS ? 8s & 7s dbl.

Autumn—Robinson.

- 1 SUMMER's mildest breeze is blowing
Through the meadow and the grove,
And her purest fragrance flowing,
To inspire the heart with love ;
All creation wakes to gladness,
Bids us in her music share :
But this heart is filled with sadness,
And disturbed by anxious care.

- 2 Why, my soul, this sad emotion ?
Why this self-tormenting pain ?
Light the fires of pure devotion,
And thy wonted peace regain :
If thy wanderings are forgiven,
Be not anxious for the rest ;
Leave thy cause alone with Heaven,
And in Christ be ever blest.

154 AUTUMN SPIRITUALIZED. 7s & 6s pec.
Webbe—Saxony.

- 1 THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
“Come, pilgrim, come away.”
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline ;
The year, its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light, my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam, and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,

And happy angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky ;
 "Why wait," they say, "and wither,
 'Mid scenes of death and sin ?
 O rise to glory, hither,
 And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
 And fain would rise and come,
 A sinner, to salvation,
 An exile, to his home ;
 But while I here must linger,
 Thus, thus, let all I see
 Point on, with faithful finger,
 To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

155 WINTER—FLIGHT OF TIME. 7s & 6s.
Geneva—Amsterdam.

1 TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home :
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb :
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
 All that's mortal soon will be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home :
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb :

But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above ;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

156

PENITENCE DESIRED.

L. M.

Uxbridge—Rockingham.

- 1 O THAT I could for ever dwell,
With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat :
- 2 The world shut out from all my view,
And heav'n brought in with all its bliss ;
Oh, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this ?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love ;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame,
When the Redeemer's love to me,
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake ;
Then raise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

157

PENITENCE.

C. M.

Avon—Angello.

- 1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry ;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine :
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

158 DESIRING THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST. H. M.
Rivington—Culloden.

- 1 COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me ;
O make my heart thy home,

And bid thy rivals flee :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

- 2 Why should the world presume
To occupy thy throne ?
Come, and thy right assume—
I would be thine alone :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

- 3 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin ;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

- 4 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

- 5 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

159

PRAYER FOR ALL LANDS.

S. M.

St. Thomas—Dover.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honors spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

160

A DYING WORLD.

C. M.

Bremen—Aithlone.

- 1 God of the nations, bow thine ear,
And listen to our fervent prayer,
Through thy beloved Son :
Build up the kingdom of his grace
Amid the millions of our race,
And make thy wonders known.
- 2 Send forth the heralds in his name,
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
Till every land shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round
Amid the shades of death.
- 3 O let the nations rise and bring
Their offerings to th' Almighty King,
And trust in him alone ;

Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon his lofty throne.

- 4 The dying millions then shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love,
And feel their sins forgiv'n ;
Shall join the convert's joyful throng,
And raise on high redemption's song,
Along the path to heaven.

161 DEPARTURE OF A MISSIONARY. 7s & 6s pec.
Missionary Hymn—Saxony.

- 1 Go, for the Master calls thee,
Shed not one bitter tear ;
No bondage hard enthralls thee,
Nor hast thou aught to fear :
To Him we now commend thee
Who rules above the skies ,
His blessing will attend thee
Where'er thy pathway lies.
- 2 Go, in the midst of dangers
Declare a Saviour's love ;
Till list'ning heathen strangers
His willing subjects prove ;
Till many a crowd assembling
Shall hearken to his voice ;
Confess their guilt with trembling,
And in his name rejoice.

3 Go, for the Master calls thee
Far from thy native home ;
Whatever there befalls thee,
Whatever ills may come,
He is thy strong salvation ;
His presence thou shalt share ;
He'll hear thy supplication ;
Our God will answer prayer.

162 CHILDREN OF MISSIONARIES ADOPTED. CMD
Moravian—Brattle Street.

- 1 YE children of a favored band
Committed to our care,
Whose parents in a heathen land
Are laboring afar,
Come to our arms in filial love,
And at our homes reside ;
And we will gladly seek to prove
What kindness can provide.
- 2 It were no charity to give
While feelings thus entwine,
Nor base dependence to receive
While hearts in love combine :
We'll cherish you with constant care,
Embrace you as our own ;
And bring you, in the arms of prayer,
Before our Father's throne.

163 LIGHT OF GOD'S COUNTENANCE. C. M.
Peniel—Chester.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

164 HUMAN FRAILTY—PSALM XXXIX. 7s & 6s.
Saxony—Webbe.

- 1 O WHAT is earthly pleasure,
Compared with thy rich grace !
Lord, teach me how to measure
The remnant of my days ;
How brief is my existence,
How frail a thing is man ;
And grant me thine assistance,
This feeble life to scan.
- 2 How soon the hours of gladness
That cheer us on our way,
Are changed to gloom and sadness,
Or filled with deep dismay !

Man, in his best condition,
 Is vanity and dust ;
 Soon past the fleeting vision,
 Then he gives up the ghost.

- 3 Earth's treasures quickly leave us,
 Its honors ne'er endure ;
 Its pleasures but deceive us,
 Its hopes are insecure ; .
 But, Lord, while time so fleeting
 Is filled with many a snare,
 My soul on thee is waiting—
 I'll trust thy guardian care.

165

WATCH AND PRAY.
Byefield—Azmon—Dalton.

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
 Through life's momentous hour,
 And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
 To those who seek his power.
- 2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 Maintain a warrior's strife ;
 O Christian ! hear his voice to-day :
 Obedience is thy life.
- 3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 For soon the hour will come
 That calls thee from the earth away
 To thine eternal home.

- 4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
O hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys !

166

CROSS AND CROWN.

C. M.

Cross and Crown—Dedham.

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once were sorrowing here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free ;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

167

CROSS AND CROWN.

C. M.

Cross and Crown—Ortonville.

- 1 No cross no crown ! tis ever thus—
The Scriptures plainly show,
There is no heavenly crown for us,
Without a cross below.
- 2 The cross to bear from day to day,
Along the pilgrim road,
We still must labor, watch and pray,
And lean upon our God.

- 3 Mere human strength will ne'er suffice
For such a work as this ;
'Tis God alone our strength supplies,
The glory shall be his.

168 WATCHFULNESS AND CONFLICT. S. M.
Luther—Laban—St. Thomas.

- 1 My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly day by day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thy armor down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

169 COME UNTO ME—MATT. XI. C. M. D.
Honolulu—Brattle Street.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
vived,
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

170

CHILD'S BIRTH-DAY.

S. M.

State Street—Amity Street.

- 1 THE natal day has come
Of a beloved child;
And is its heart in youthful bloom
To God unreconciled?
- 2 How can we bear to see
The deep'ning stains of sin?
O Lamb of God, we look to thee
To cleanse the soul within.

- 3 Oh, for converting grace
That spirit to subdue,
While we within this hallowed place
Our fervent prayers renew.
- 4 The covenant is sure,
In all things ordered well;
But we, so faithless, so impure,
Our fears to thee would tell.
- 5 Forgive us in thy love,
And hearken to our cry!
Now send deliverance from above,
And bring salvation nigh.

171

CHILD'S BIRTH-DAY.

C. M.

Dedham—Cross and Crown.

- 1 SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hast'ning on;
Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.
- 2 My follies past, O God, forgive,
My every sin subdue;
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory in my view.
- 3 'Twere better I had not been born,
Than live without thy fear;
For they are wretched and forlorn,
Who have their portion here.
- 4 But thanks to thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth,

I have been taught to seek thy face,
And know the way of truth.

5 O let thy Spirit lead me still,
Along the happy road ;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Father and my God.

6 Another year of life is past ;
My heart to thee incline,
That if this year should be my last,
It may be wholly thine.

172

NEW YEAR—RETROSPECT.

L. M.

Retreat—Zephyr.

1 Look back, my soul, what hast thou done
Thy tender offspring to improve ?
What, through the year whose course has
run,

To win them to a Saviour's love ?

2 Has kind instruction been distill'd,
From morning's dawn till evening's
shade ?

Were hours of relaxation fill'd
With usefulness that ne'er betrayed ?

3 Has discipline held fast the rein,
With prudent, firm, yet gentle hand,
Those infant vices to restrain,
That sought thy counsel to withstand ?

4 And hast thou thine own weakness felt,
Thy constant need of help divine ?

- And when in secret thou hast knelt,
Has faith declared each promise thine!
- 5 Hast thou besought the Lord to bring
Thy tender offspring to his feet?
That they might own their Sovereign
King,
Confessing that his love is great?
- 6 Hast felt that they were not too young
His pard'ning mercy to receive,
And mingle in the convert's song?
And feeling, could'st thou still believe?
- 7 Look back, my soul, impartial trace
The scenes of the departed year;
Implore forgiveness, seek for grace,
And Heaven in mercy heed thy prayer.

173

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

C. M.

Denman—Ortonville.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.
- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

4 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Redeemèd saints and angels there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

174

HEAVEN.

L. M.

The Better Land—Beneficence.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light ;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
 Across that calm, serene abode ;
 The wanderer there a home may find
 Within the paradise of God.

175 SAINTS PASSING INTO HEAVEN. C. M.
Honolulu—Azmon—Armenia.

- 1 ONE family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 2 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die.
- 4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
 Then, when the word is giv'n,
 Bid death's cold stream and flood divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

176 GOD'S PRESENCE WITH THE AGED. C. M. D.
Lucerne—Brattle Street—Moravian.

- 1 ABIDE with us, for day declines,
 And night is drawing near ;
 The sun of life now dimly shines,
 And soon will disappear :

But if thou wilt with us abide,
Earth's shadows well may come,
We shall have light at eventide,
To dissipate the gloom.

2 Abide with us, that we may know
More of thy wondrous love,
Ere thou shalt call us hence to go,
And dwell with thee above :
We would be wholly cleansed within,
Be searched and purified
From every secret stain of sin,
While yet we here reside.

3 Abide with us that we may learn
To love thee more and more ;
That we fresh wonders may discern
From thine exhaustless store ;
We would begin heaven's visions here
In holy, pure delight,
Before we reach that higher sphere
Where faith is lost in sight.

177

JOYFUL HOPE.
Aberdeen—Autumn.

8s & 7s dbl

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear :

Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think what Jesus did to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith and winged by prayer ;
 Heav'n's eternal day's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

178

REST IN HEAVEN.

11s.

Heavenly Home—Hepher.

- 1 MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
 Then why should I murmur when trials
 are near ?
 Be hush'd my dark spirit, the worst that
 can come
 But shortens my journey, and hastens me
 home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like
 this ;
 I look for a city which hands have not
 piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow,
I would not recline upon roses below,
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest
Till I find them for ever in Jesus' breast.

179

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

8s.

Ludlow—Manepy.

- 1 To Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power ;
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free. •
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline ;
- 5 O then shall the vail be remov'd
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,
Whom not having seen I ador'd.

180

REJOICING IN GOD.

5s & 8s.

Clarkson.

1 REJOICE in the Lord,
 Believe in his word,
 Confide in his mercy and grace ;
 His throne shall endure,
 His promise is sure ;
 In him shall the righteous have peace.

2 Thrice happy are they,
 Who his precepts obey,
 Who delight in the joy of their God :
 Their joy shall increase,
 And their trials shall cease,
 As they enter the heavenly abode.

3 What scenes will arise
 As they pass through the skies !
 What rapture their bosoms will fill,
 As their harps they employ,
 In the fullness of joy,
 On the height of some heavenly hill !

181

PRAISE FROM ALL NATURE.

C. M.

White—Laight Street.

1 BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
 My raptured soul, and sing
 A sacred hymn of grateful praise
 To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,

Repeat to all your verdant shores
The subject of the song.

3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
The lofty theme convey.

4 Take up the burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise
To deck with gold the opening morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

5 While we with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Creator sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

182

GENERAL PRAISE.

L. C. M

Bremen—Warning Voice—Ariel.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode—
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King:
The astonished worlds adore.

- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunders of the skies—
 Praise him who bids you roll:
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing;
 Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mold,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with
 gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 Let man, in God's own image made,
 His breath in praise employ:
 Spread wide his Maker's name around,
 Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
 In songs of holy joy.

183

GARDEN OF OLIVET.

L. M.

Olive's Brow—Zephyr—Armstrong.

- 1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 'Tis midnight—in the garden now
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all removed,
 Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
 E'en the disciple that he loved,
 Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
 The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—from the heavenly plains
 Is borne the song that angels know ;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

184 AGONY IN THE GARDEN. C. L. M.
How Calm—Watch and Pray.

- 1 HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but his Father's eye
 Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade,
 On that dread agony ;
 The Lord of all above, beneath,
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
- 2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The skies might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow him !
 That he who gave man's breath, might
 know
 The very depths of human woe.
- 3 He knew them all ; the doubt, the strife,
 The faint, perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,

All darkened round his head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread ;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead,
But there was sent him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way ?
How but through him, that path who
trod ?
Save, or we perish, Son of God.

185

SCENE AT THE CROSS.

C. M.

The Cross—Haven.

1 I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain ;

Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain?

4 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die, that thou may'st live.

5 "Thus while my death thy sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too!"

186

AT THE COMMUNION.

C. L. M.

Watch and Pray—How Calm.

1 FORGET thyself, Christ bade thee come
To think upon his love,
Which could reverse the sinner's doom,
And write his name above ;
Bid the returning rebel live,
And freely all his sins forgive.

2 Forget thyself, and think what pain,
What agony he bore,
To wash away each guilty stain,
To bless thee evermore ;
To fit thee for his high abode,
The temple of the living God.

3 Forget thyself, but let thy soul
With memories o'erflow,

Rejoice in his supreme control,
 And seek his will to know;
 With thankful heart approach the feast,
 And thou wilt be a welcome guest.

187 CHRIST THE ROCK. 7s 6 lines.
Rock of Ages—Zadoc—Sidmouth.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side that flow'd,
 Be of sin the perfect cure:
 Save me, Lord, and make me pure
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
 In my hand no price I bring—
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne:
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

188 PILGRIMAGE. 8s & 7s.
Obion—Dismission.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
 Through this lonely vale of tears;

- Through the changes yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
- 4 And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

189

MEETING OF FRIENDS.
Dedham—Wirth—Azmon.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part ;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare ;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quick'ning power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away,
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

190

AT PARTING.

7s.

Pleyel's Hymn—Horton.

1 For a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain,
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Songs of gladness shall be reared ;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

191

AT PARTING.

C. L. M.

How Calm—Watch and Pray.

- 1 To thee, when call'd awhile to part,
 With friends or kindred dear ;
To thee we raise each drooping heart,
 And tell each rising fear ;
For thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
To hear thy servants when they cry.
- 2 The Lord in mercy condescends
 To those who seek his love ;
Calls them his children and his friends,
 And writes their names above :
His bending ear, his smiling face,
Are present at the throne of grace.
- 3 As children of a Father's care,
 Thy presence we implore ;
As friends of Jesus, we would share
 That blessing evermore :
'Tis this alone can cheer the soul,
And every rising grief control.
- 4 If thou art with us when we part
 With friends or kindred dear,
To fill with joy each drooping heart,
 And banish every fear !
'Tis easy then to bid adieu,
For Jesus smiles, and heaven is true.

192 PARTING—CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. S. M.
Shirland—Watchman—Abode.

- 1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

193

PENITENCE AND HOPE.

C. M.

Dundee—Haven—Romberg

- 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word
With pity in thine eye.
- 3 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face ;
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

194

LOVE TO CHRIST DESIRED.

C. M.

Boynton—Peniel.

- 1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Unseen whom I adore,
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

- 4 But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night
And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

195

DEPTHS OF DIVINE LOVE.
Wesley—Libnah—Homer.

7s dbl.

- 1 Who can sound the depths of love ?
'Tis an ocean unconfined,
Flowing on where'er we rove,
Vast as the eternal mind !
'Tis the glory of our God,
Filling all his high abode :
'Tis a holy, quenchless flame,
From eternity the same.
- 2 See from love creation rise,
See in love a Saviour given,
Now, exalted in the skies,
Reconciling earth to heaven :

See, in love, the Spirit come,
All our darkness to illumine;
See, through love, a Father's smile,
Every trembling fear beguile.

- 3 See, through love, the blessings flow,
That encircle all our days;
See, through love, a heaven below
In the mysteries of grace.
Love can smooth affliction's frown,
Love with joy our life can crown;
Love can gild the opening tomb
With the bliss of joys to come.

- 4 Who can sound the depths of love?
'Tis an ocean unconfined,
Flowing on where'er we rove,
Vast as the eternal mind!
Let me bathe my weary soul
Where those living waters roll:
And my sins for ever hide
Deep within the swelling tide.

196

LOOKING FOR HEAVEN.

C. M.

Peniel—Boynton—Azmon.

- 1 EARTH's shadowy years will soon be o'er
Heaven's blissful morn arise;
And sorrow's night will then no more
O'ercloud these weeping eyes.

- 2 Then will the Lord of life and love
Unvail his beaming face ;
And never from my sight remove
The bright celestial rays.
- 3 Then will this froward, sinful heart,
No more offend my God,
Nor ever from that love depart
Which fills the high abode.
- 4 Then everlasting peace, and joy,
And transport shall be mine ;
Praise shall my utmost powers employ,
In melody divine.

197

A MISSIONARY'S DEATH.

8s.

Ludlow—Manepy.

- 1 WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky ;
Weep not for the seraph that bends,
With the worshiping chorus on high
- 2 Weep not for the spirit now crown'd
With the garland to martyrdom giv'n,
O weep not for him, he has found
His reward and his refuge in heav'n.
- 3 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave !
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home, far away o'er the wave.

- 4 And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never
shone :
Where the anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

198

CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

L. M.

Beneficence—Rockingham.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern : make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

199

FAITH IN CHRIST.
New Haven—Olivet.

6s & 4s.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,

Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove ;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

200

DISMISSION. 8s, 7s & 4s.
Zion—Greenville.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound .
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay ;
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

Doxologies.

L. M.—No. 1.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M.—No. 2.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise ;
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Ascribe immortal praise.

C. M.—Double.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath :
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine ;
The One in Three and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

7s.

To the Father, to the Son,
To the Spirit, three in one,
Let the highest praise be giv'n
By the sons of earth and heav'n.

H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise :

With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above :
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

8s, 7s and 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory,
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

7s & 6s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praise be giv'n,
By all that earth inherit,
And all that dwell in heav'n :

Thou triune God ! before thee
Our inmost souls adore :
Who art and hast been worthy,
And shalt be evermore.

APPENDIX.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

MATERNAL associations are designed for mutual instruction and consultation, in connection with united prayer. Subjects for discussion relate chiefly to the physical, mental, moral, and religious training of children. Some one individual is usually prepared at each meeting to give method and tone to the conversation, which might otherwise become desultory. The faults of children who are known to the members are not made the subjects of remark; but cases of difficulty are so presented as to avoid individual exposure. Associations conducted on these principles are found to be greatly beneficial.

The constitution which has been extensively adopted in the city of New York, is as follows :

CONSTITUTION.

OF A

MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

IMPRESSED with a sense of our entire dependence upon the Holy Spirit to aid us in training up our children in the way they should go, and hoping to obtain the blessing of such as fear the Lord and speak often to one another, We, the subscribers, do unitedly pledge ourselves to meet, at stated seasons, for prayer and mutual counsel in reference to our maternal duties and responsibilities. With a view to this object we adopt the following constitution :

I. This society shall be called the Maternal Association of . Any mother in the church may become a member of this Association by subscribing this constitution.

II. The officers of the Association shall

be a Directress and Secretary, who shall be appointed annually.

III. It shall be the duty of the Directress to take a general supervision of the concerns of the Association. At each meeting she may appoint some one present to conduct the succeeding meeting. The person thus designated will be expected to make selections for reading, and to introduce such topics of conversation as shall best exemplify the duties of the Christian mother.

IV. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to register the names of the members and of their children, and to supply each of the mothers with a list of the same, together with a copy of the constitution. She shall likewise keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, and, as far as may be convenient, of the topic discussed, and of the remarks elicited by it. This record shall be read at the commencement of the next subsequent meeting.

V. This Association shall meet on the
(as often as

once a fortnight, or at least once a month), at the . The time appropriated for each meeting shall not exceed one hour and a half, and shall be exclusively devoted to the object of the Association. Each meeting shall be opened by prayer and reading a portion of Scripture, which may be followed by reading such other matter as relates to the interests of the Association, or by conversation tending to promote maternal faithfulness and piety. These exercises may be interspersed with singing the songs of Zion, and with humble and importunate prayer that God would glorify himself in the early conversion of the children of the Association—that they may become eminently useful in the church of Christ.

VI. It shall be the duty of every member to qualify herself, by daily reading, prayer, and self-discipline, to discharge faithfully the arduous duties of a Christian mother; and she shall be invited to give with freedom such hints upon the various

subjects brought before the Association as her own observation and experience may suggest

VII. Each member shall consider herself obligated by her covenant engagements to pray *for* her children daily, and *with* them as often as circumstances may permit, and conscientiously to restrain them from such courses as would naturally lead to vanity, pride, and worldly-mindedness; and shall consider herself as renewing this covenant at every meeting of the Association.

VIII. Once in three months, viz., on the
Wednesday of _____,
the members shall be allowed to bring to the place of meeting such of their children as may be under the age of fifteen, and they shall be considered members of the Association. The exercises at these quarterly meetings shall be such as shall seem best calculated to instruct the minds and interest the feelings of the children who may be present.

IX. When any mother is removed by

death, it shall be the special duty of the Association to regard with peculiar interest the spiritual welfare of her children, and to evince this interest by a continued remembrance of them in their prayers, and by such tokens of sympathy and kindness as their circumstances may require.

X. Any article of this constitution may be amended by a majority of the members present at any annual meeting.

QUESTIONS

ON THE PHYSICAL, MENTAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

The following Questions will supply interesting and profitable topics of discussion for Maternal Meetings.

1. Does not the establishment of sound and perfect health in children depend greatly on the regulation of their food, clothing, sleep, exercise, exposures, amusements, etc.?

2. Can the unrestrained indulgence of appetite in children fail to lay the foundation of future disease?

3. Is not the early disease of children often occasioned by improper diet?

4. By what rules should children be managed with respect to the quality and quantity of food?

5. In what respects may the garments of children be supposed to affect their health, or improve or impair their physical constitution?

6. How should the hours of sleep be regulated?

7. Is early rising conducive to health?

8. How far is regular exercise conducive to health?

9. What are some of the best methods of exercise

for children of either sex, in infancy and juvenile years ?

10. Is it well to habituate children to exposures, in a severe atmosphere, or to severe labor or fatigue ?

11. Is habitual cheerfulness in children conducive to health ?

12. How shall such habits be induced ?

13. Will strong bodily and mental excitement prove injurious to health ?

14. How far should severe habits of study be promoted ?

15. Should not these have reference to differences in the physical constitution ?

16. Will not the ultimate strength or power of the body and mind depend greatly on the modes of early training ?

II. MENTAL TRAINING.

17. Should children be early taught to think and reason for themselves ?

18. By what methods can they be thus instructed ?

19. Should *blind* adherence to parental decision be generally insisted upon ?

20. Are there not some subjects which require such adherence, till the mind is somewhat developed ?

21. Is it not important, then, that a child's reasoning powers should be rightly trained ?

22. How can a child be trained to independence of thought, without lessening his docility ?

23. How can a feeble memory be improved and strengthened ?

24. How can absence of mind, or heedlessness, be reclaimed ?

25. How can the imagination be trained ?

26. What course should be pursued with one who has too much or too little susceptibility ?

27. What measures are required for the promotion of mental refinement ?

28. How far is refinement in manners conducive to this end ?

29. Is not great care required in the selection of books, with respect to mental culture ?

30. Should those books generally be preferred which are level with the *lowest* capacity of children ?

31. Will not books which are much above a child's capacity, have a tendency to discourage mental effort ?

32. Is it important that school instruction and discipline should be of the best kind ?

33. Should children's attention be directed to many studies in the same given term of instruction ?

34. Is not the opposite extreme also to be avoided ?

35. Cannot mental industry be more successfully induced by examples and encouragement, than by severe authority ?

36. Cannot much be done in this way by parental conversation ?

37. How far can a teacher be aided by parental co-operation ?

38. Where a love of study does not exist, can it be easily superinduced ?

39. Will threats and punishments produce the desired result ?

40. Will promises and occasional presents suffice ?
41. Will not time and patience and affectionate assiduity in the parent be likely to succeed ?
42. Are not occasional amusements and diversions essential toward securing sound improvement ?
43. How should the hours of a day be divided between study and recreation ?
44. May not the recreations of a child be often made a direct source of mental improvement ?
45. How far may manual labor be made to answer the purposes of recreation ?
46. Is not great care in training necessary to secure the right balance of the mind ?
47. Should every mind receive precisely the same kind of training ; or should the process be modified by the different kinds and degrees of talent which are discoverable ?
48. Should the imagination be cultivated, to the neglect of more substantial attainments—or the memory be made to supply the place of soundness in judgment ?
49. Are not such mistakes of very frequent occurrence at the present day ?
50. How shall we best provide against them, or remedy them when they have been committed ?

III. MORAL TRAINING.

51. Is good government essential to the moral training of children ?
52. Is the faculty of governing to be acquired by study, experience, and observation ; or is it such a natural gift as to demand little thought or effort ?

53. Is self-discipline necessary to every one who would govern well ?

54. Is any parent excusable for not acquiring this faculty ?

55. Are not great steadiness and uniformity of purpose indispensable to good government ?

56. Is constant vigilance required ?

57. Should the law of love, or of stern severity, be made the ruling principle ?

58. Is not great severity to be reserved for extreme cases ?

59. Should children be gradually trained into habits of self-control ?

60. What are some of the processes of this training ?

61. Can habits of ready and cheerful obedience be early inculcated ?

62. By what methods ?

63. What are some of the disadvantages of imperfect and unwilling obedience ?

64. What are some of the advantages which arise from perfect obedience ?

65. Should children be made to feel the necessity of parental restrictions ?

66. How shall obedience be secured during a parent's absence ?

67. Should the reason and conscience of a child ever be violated ?

68. What are some of the effects of parental example upon children ?

69. May not the vices of deceit, pride, selfishness, covetousness, theft, etc., be often inadvertently encour-

aged and promoted by us while we are laboring to repress them ?

70. Is it ever safe to deceive our children, even with a view to their good—as in the endurance of pain, or the taking of medicine ?

71. Should our promises or threatenings be ever violated ?

72. How shall children be taught self-respect in connection with humble docility and meekness ?

73. Should we ever thoughtlessly take from our children, and apply to our own use, things which they have been allowed to call their own ?

74. How shall the love of truthfulness be promoted ?

75. How can peevishness in our children be overcome ?

76. How can pride and selfishness be repressed ?

77. How can habits of kindness and benevolence be induced ?

78. How can moral courage, firmness, and stability be established ?

79. What is the moral or immoral tendency of certain amusements which are prevalent in society ?

80. Is it ever safe for children to have immoral associates ?

81. Is it right to seclude our children from society ?

82. What should be the character and proportion of miscellaneous reading ?

83. Should works of taste be extensively read ?

84. Should reading be allowed as a *mere* amusement ?

85. Should not the social and moral virtues be based upon Christian principle ?

86. Should children ever be subjected to temptation for the purpose of learning how to resist?

87. How should we seek to fortify them against temptations which meet them in the path of duty?

88. How shall we best secure our children against the influence of such future temptations, as are incident to an active life?

89. Will any thing short of religious considerations suffice for such a purpose?

90. Should not home by every proper means be rendered attractive to children, as a place of the highest enjoyment?

91. Can this be done where government is administered with undue severity or with timid inefficiency?

92. Is not habitual cheerfulness in a parent conducive to the happiness of children?

93. How far, and by what process, should childish levity be restrained?

94. How shall the vice of evil speaking be prevented?

95. On what occasions, for what purposes, and in what spirit should we speak of the faults of others in the presence of our children?

96. Should not all our representations of vice be adapted to render it odious in the view of our children?

97. How far, and in what way, should we apprise our children of the fascinations of vice?

98. Should we ever speak lightly of immoralities in the hearing of our children, even in the recital of humorous incidents?

IV. RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

99. Should not parents cultivate a deep sense of re-

ligious responsibility in reference to all their relations in life ?

100. Does not the mother possess peculiar facilities for the religious training of her young children ?

101. Is prayer with and for our children, indispensable to religious training ?

102. Should we endeavor to plead covenant blessings on the behalf of our children ?

103. With what views and feelings should our children be dedicated to God in baptism ?

104. What are the terms of the covenant ; and how much is implied by them ?

105. Is the covenant adapted to a state of sinless perfection, never attainable in this life ; or is it adapted to the case of those who, conscious of many imperfections, are earnestly striving after higher attainments in holiness ?

106. What advice and encouragement, in reference to this covenant, can be given to parents who are deeply lamenting their past neglect of duty in relation to it ?

107. What encouragement can be derived from Scripture examples, in training our children for God ?

108. Is good family government essential to religious training ?

109. Is the example of sound, consistent piety in a parent, essential to success ?

110. Is the rule found in Deuteronomy vi. 6, 7, 8, 9, a safe one for the adoption of Christian parents ?

111. May not the multitude of failures in religious training be attributed in some measure to the neglect of this rule ?

112. Should we not labor and pray for the early conversion of our children ?

113. Should we study in our teachings, to adapt ourselves to the infantile and juvenile mind ; or should we merely store the memory with truths for the advantage of riper years ?

114. Are we not liable to err by teaching too many doctrines at a time ?

115. Should not our earliest teachings be chiefly practical, and be confined to the most essential truths and duties ?

116. How shall we best inculcate a suitable veneration for the Bible ?

117. How shall children be made to feel the difference between real worship, and the mere recital of psalms and hymns ?

118. Should children be taught to indite their own petitions in prayer, as in the presence of an all-seeing God ?

119. How can this be done ?

120. Can we expect to promote praying habits in our children without affording them assistance in their incipient exercises ?

121. Should we not seek to prevent formality in their hymns of praise ?

122. May not all young children be easily taught to sing ?

123. Is it not desirable that family praise should accompany family prayer ?

124. Is not devotional singing one important branch of religious education ?

125. Is it right for our daughters to spend years in the cultivation of parlor music, without acquiring a knowledge of religious song ?

126. Should not the exercise of praise be made equally solemn with that of prayer ?

127. What methods are best adapted to lead a child to view itself as a lost sinner ?

128. How shall we best inculcate hatred of sin and conviction of helplessness ?

129. By what methods of instruction should we seek to lead our children to embrace the Saviour ?

130. Should we pray and labor to this end with believing expectation ?

131. How can the nature and importance of true repentance be illustrated ?

132. How can the nature and importance of faith be suitably impressed upon the minds of our children ?

133. How far, in case of apparent conversion, should we encourage the hope of pardon and acceptance ?

134. By what methods shall we seek to promote the love of God and the graces of the Spirit in our children ?

135. Can we rationally expect success in such endeavors, unless we ourselves are spiritual ?

136. How should the conviction of entire dependence on God affect us in our labors ?

137. Should it serve to quicken and encourage exertion ; or should it lead us to relax our energies ?

138. Is there any thing in the inscrutable, holy sovereignty of God which can excuse inactivity or indifference in this work ?

139. How should our children be treated subsequently to their conversion ?

140. Can parental vigilance be safely relaxed in reference to converted children ?

141. Will not juvenile piety be constantly liable to suffer from the imbecilities of childhood ?

142. Should not this fact be borne in mind while we canvass the evidence of a sound conversion ?

143. While we entertain the hope that our children are converted, should we still treat them as if we imagined them in a state of impenitence ?

144. Would not this have a tendency to train them up to a sickly growth of piety ?

145. On the other hand, is there not danger of encouraging our children to hope prematurely ?

146. Should we not seek, in all our teachings, to follow the leadings of the Spirit in his dealings with the children ?

147. Can we assign any particular age as most suitable for offering our converted children to the church ?

148. Should we not desire to train our children to be useful in the service of Christ ?

149. How shall we best induce right views as to the benevolent movements of the age ?

150. How shall we best encourage habits of self-denial ?

151. How shall the influence of worldliness be counteracted ?

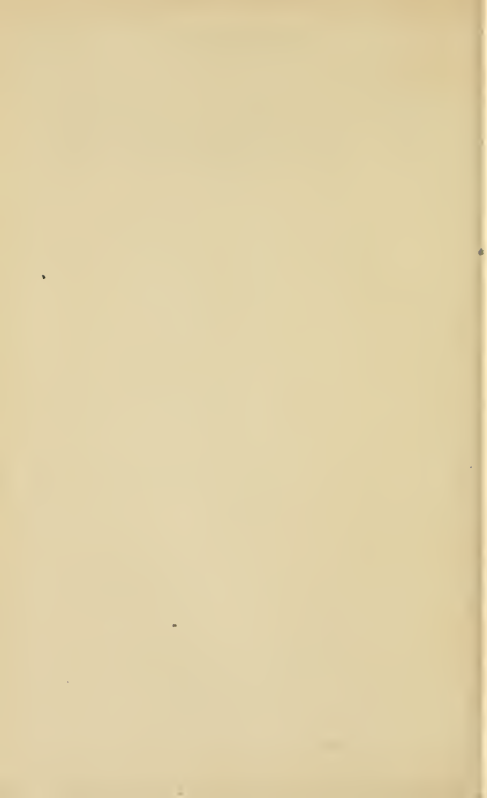
152. Are not gay amusements, a love of light reading, and a fondness for mixed society, inconsistent with the increase of spiritual life in the soul ?

153. Should we not earnestly seek to promote

growth in grace when our children have commenced the divine life ?

154. What are the best methods of accomplishing this object in juvenile and in mature age ?







Rev. Mr. Shastley to
Cotton.

1st of Jan. 1817

1817

2nd of Feb.





